

TOTAL

No 1



ANTIC+

THE AUTOPSY
REPORT.

Win A Night out With...

the P.D.I


ARE YOU?
PARANOID?

Story time

Darkness

TOTAL DARKNESS - - -

TOTAL DARKNESS IS not so much a fanzine, more of a magazine. With less about music and more about people's morbid fantasies in it. Whilst incorporating as much news about local bands and gigs as is interesting, I have also endeavoured to pander to people's sick sense of humour whilst including a delightful little story each issue penned by my own fair hand. So without further ado, read on.....

KASH 

P.S. If anyone out there knows of any schoolboys into whipping sessions, give me a ring. Thanks.

FIRST OF ALL FOLKS, IT'S COMPETITION TIME.
- - - - -
WIN A NIGHT OUT WITH THE P.D.I.
- - - - -

(CAMBRIDGE'S SINISTER UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT,
'PERMANENT DAMAGE INCORPORATED')

IF YOU CAN FILL IN THE CROSSWORD BELOW,
THEN YOU COULD WIN THE AFOREMENTIONED
FANTASTIC PRIZE. (THE COMPETITION FOR
PEOPLE WHO LOVE TORTURE.)



ACROSS

DOWN

1. THE INDEFINITE ARTICLE.

1. THE FIRST LETTER OF THE ALPHABET.



If you want to place any adverts in 'TOTAL DARKNESS' or have anything that might be of interest to anyone, then write or ring.

The address to write to and phone No. is:
12, Barons Court,
Haverhill,
Hav. 63721

Anybody who is interested in attending a DEMONSTRATION AGAINST DEMONSTRATIONS let me know, and then something can be arranged.

ABOVE:

HEAD OF THE P.D.I.

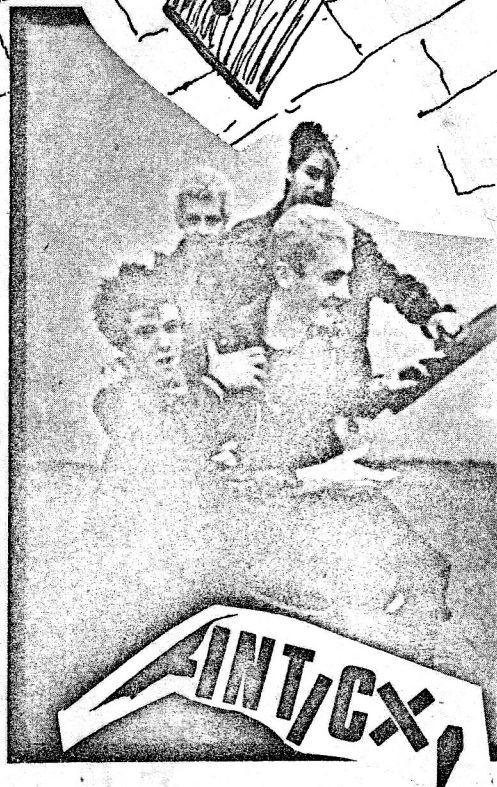
(WELL KNOWN FOR TORTURE SESSIONS)

oops sorry!

AIN'T/CX

Introducing you to the Anticx
(if you have'nt already seen
or heard of them.) They hail
from Haverhill (Where? I hear
you cry) and have been toge-
ther for well over a year.

I witnessed their first gig
at Bury St. Edmunds on the 18th
of June last year, when they
were playing support to the
Wynd-Ups (who have now split up
and gone their seperate ways.)
Unfortunatley, on the night in
question drummer Ricky Cook
could not be present due to
unforseen circumstances, namely
he got stabbed in the stomach a
couple of nights beforehand in
Cambridge, and was still in hos-
pital on the night of the first
gig. Unfortunatley a series of
such setbacks have hindered
their progress since they formed
the most notable being the death
of bassist Rupert who died in
October last year.



THE HEAD
ON THE WA

ANTICX
AS THEY
WERE



"YOUR EYES ARE TWISTED
LIKE YOUR BODY."

However despite such setba-
cks the band have continued to
play gigs and have gained supp-
ort from a small following in
and around the Cambridge -
Haverhill area. They have imp-
roved considerably since their
first gig and have since played
at various places in Cambridge,
including The Sea Cadets and
the (by now infamous) Midland
Tavern. Also they have played
Bury St. Edmunds and the Ipswich

AIN'T/CX

area. In spite of these gigs they had still not played a gig in their home town, mainly because of the diabolical lack of places to play, however they have recently managed to get together a gig at the Youth Centre in Haverhill which sounds promising. The musical sound and visual image of the band has changed somewhat since the band first got together and in my view it is a change for the better. They have adopted a slightly more sinister image than before, using genuine coffins as speaker cabinets and with song titles such as "DUG - UP" which is about vampirism, and "LIFE AFTER DEATH" which in the words of guitarist Gary is "Basically about the ultimate question, What is life? What is death? and what lies after death?" (The song titles and the meaning behind them, take on an ironically prophetic quality since the death of bassist Rupert .)



Rick:

Another song is "SEXUAL SPASM" and I'm told that it's about a man who pays regular visits to a woman who holds strange powers and mentally seduces him whilst physically she throws sexual but spiritual fits at him and he refers to her as the 'devil' (For those of you who have seen the Antiox posters and stickers with the witch on them, the song is basically about her.)



ANT/CX

Other songs include -

"EXPLOSION", "SECONDARY FEAR" and
"DON'T BE AFRAID" (WAR GAMES) A verse
from which goes -



"Don't be afraid of the dead meat
smell,

The barbed wire cuts and the friend
that fell.

The songs and the cheers still rings
in their ears,

As the guns put an end to their
comrades careers."

Having had a taste of the
bands' lyrics you would ob-
viously have to see them LIVE to
see exactly what they're about,
but fear not there are gigs lined
up in the not-to-distant future
which I will list in a minute.
But now on to the band's line-up
- since the untimely demise of
Rupert, now playing bass is
Terry Taylor (former bass player
with the now defunct Wynd-ups)
And so the present band consists
of:

MICK HAND	-	VOCALS
GARY O'CONNOR	-	LEAD GUITAR
TERRY TAYLOR	-	BASS
RICKY COOK	-	DRUMS

If you would like to see
the Anticx, future dates set are:

THE YOUTH CENTRE,
HAVERHILL.
SAT. 24th FEB. + AUTOPSY
THE SEA CADETS HALL
SAT. 28th FEB. ~~CANCELLED~~
CAMBRIDGE.
SUPPORT.

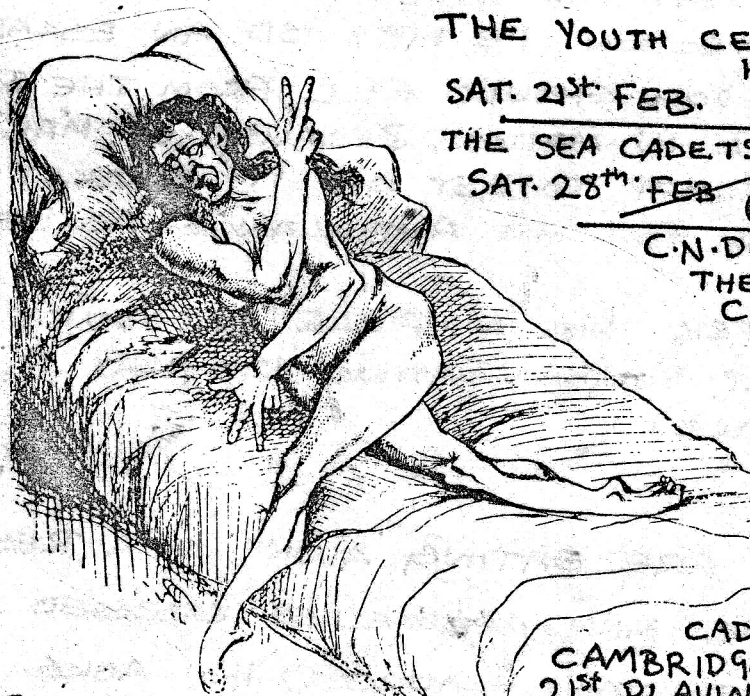
C.N.D. (ROCK AGAINST
THE BOMB) HAVERHILL.
CHALKSTONE
COMMUNITY
CENTRE.
FRI. MARCH
13th

(OTHER
BANDS
INVOLVED)

THE SEA
CADETS HALL,
CAMBRIDGE. SAT. MARCH
21st. PLAYING SUPPORT TO
THE ADKTS



**HAVERHILL
2950**



GLADSTONE ARMS,
PETERBOROUGH,
SUN. 5th APRIL

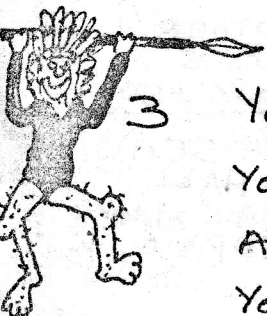
ARE YOU PARANOID?




1. You ARE WALKING DOWN A DARK STREET, LATE AT NIGHT - ALONE! WHEN SUDDENLY YOU SEE A LITTLE BOY IN FRONT OF YOU, DO YOU :-
 - a. FOLLOW HIM, OFFER HIM SOME SWEETIES AND INVITE HIM ROUND YOURS TO PLAY GAMES AFTER ALL YOU'RE A MEMBER OF P.A. DEADOPHILES ANON.
 - b. STAB HIM IMMEDIATELY! THATS NO LITTLE BOY HE'S OBVIOUSLY A MIDGET BULGARIAN SPY, READY TO ATTACK YOU WITH A CLEVERLY CONCEALED SWORDSTICK.
 - c. ASK HIM THE WAY TO EUSTON STATION (NOT THAT HE WOULD KNOW, THIS QUIZ IS SET IN BRISTOL!)




2. You ARE SITTING ON A CROWDED BUS, SUDDENLY THE BUS CONDUCTOR ASKS FOR YOUR FARE, DO YOU :-
 - a. REFUSE TO ANSWER HIM ITS OBVIOUS THAT HE IS WORKING FOR THE K.G.B. AND NOT A BUS CONDUCTOR AT ALL. (THOUGH YOU LIKE HIS UNIFORM!)
 - b. GET OFF THE BUS AND RING FOR POLICE PROTECTION, HE MAY BE AN ESCAPED MURDERER (IF YOU SHOULD FALL FROM THE BUS WHILST IT IS STILL IN MOTION, BECAUSE OF MAKING A VAIN ATTEMPT TO GET OFF IT QUICKLY, DONT FORGET TO RING FOR AN AMBULANCE AS WELL!)
 - c. OFFER HIM A PIECE OF YOUR KIT-KAT. (NOT THAT YOU'RE EATING KIT-KAT BUT HE WOULDN'T NOTICE)



3. You ARE EATING ALONE IN A RESTAURANT WHEN A YOUNG MAN APPROACHES DRESSED IN A LEOTARD AND AN INDIAN HEADRESS, HE ASKS IF HE MAY JOIN YOU - DO YOU :-




2 SAY YES HE MAY AND INVITE HIM BACK ROUND YOUR'S
FOR A GAME OF STRIP SCRABBLE



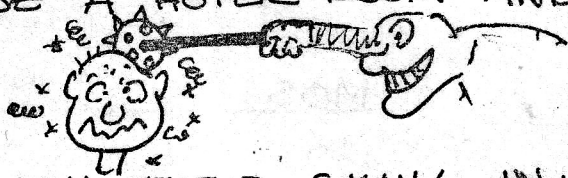
b PULL OUT A GUN AND TELL HIM THAT IF HE LEAVES
YOU NOW HE WONT GET HURT.

c TELL HIM POLITLEY THAT YOU ARE NOT COMING
APART. HA HA!



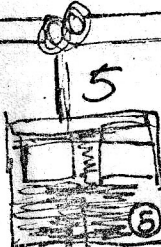
4 YOU ARE SIPPING COCKTAILS IN THE FOYER OF THE
HILTON WHEN SOMEONE ASKS YOU IF YOU HAVE THE
TIME. DO YOU REPLY :-

a YES! IF THEY CAN PROVIDE A HOTEL ROOM AND
LOTS OF MONEY




b TAKE OUT A MACE AND SMASH THEIR SKULL IN,
AFTER ALL YOU'RE NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES AND
ITS BEST TO HIT THEM BEFORE THEY HIT YOU.

c ASK THEM WHERE THEY GOT THEIR WIG FROM YOU'VE
WANTED ONE LIKE THAT FOR YEARS

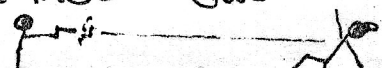


5 YOU ARE IN A CABLE CAR GOING OVER THE
SWISS ALPS WHEN SUDDENLY YOU FALL OUT, DO YOU :-



a NOT WORRY AT ALL BECAUSE THE STRAPS ON YOUR
BLACK LEATHER BONDAGE KNICKERS GET CAUGHT
ON THE SIDE OF THE CABLE CAR AND YOU RICHOCHET
TO SAFETY

b FEEL SURE THAT IT MUST BE THE WORK OF SOME
SINISTER FORCE AND NOT KNOWING QUITE WHO IT IS,
GO OUT AND MURDER EVERYONE YOU MEET JUST TO
MAKE SURE



C. FALL INTO SOME MOUNTAINS, SMASH
YOUR BODY TO BITS AND PROMPTLY
DIE.



NOW TO FIND OUT JUST HOW PARANOID
YOU ARE —



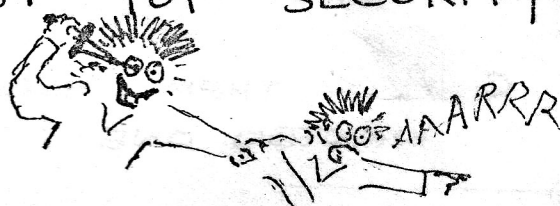
MOSTLY A'S

NOT QUITE PARANOID, MORE OF A SEXUAL
DEVIANT REALLY. YES! QUITE A LITTLE
GOER REALLY, YOU NASTY FILTHY LITTLE
PERVERT, BUT BE CAREFUL YOU MAY
MEET YOUR MATCH SOMEDAY, YOU SOUND
JUST MY TYPE.



MOSTLY B'S

NOT EXACTLY PARANOID, MORE OF A
RAVING, FUCKING PSYCOPATH REALLY
I'D GIVE MYSELF UP NOW IF I WERE
YOU AT THE NEAREST TOP SECURITY
PRISON.



MOSTLY C'S

HARDLY PARANOID, A HARMLESS LOONY
REALLY LIKE MOST OF US, NICE TO
KNOW YOU'RE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE
IS'NT IT? BECAUSE IF YOU WERE
DIFFERENT YOU'D BEGIN TO GET
PARANOID WOULDN'T YOU? LIKE MOST
OF US ARE, I MEAN WOULD BE IF
WE WERE DIFFERENT.



AUTOPSY

Richard from Norwich asked me to mention his band autopsy, so here we are, ive given them a mention. The line-up

of the band consists of;
RICHARD ENGLISH VOCALS
TONY WOODROW . . . BASS
CHRIS LEE LEAD
MICHEAL VOTT . . . DRUMS

The band are Norwich based and though Autopsy are a fairly new band, Richard and Chris have been together for eighteen months altogether. Previously they had a band called Relative Density. The group split, Richard and Chris continued but could'nt find suitable members to form another band with until recently when Tony and Micheal joined to form Autopsy. If you want to see them, their first gig is in Haverhill, playing support to local band, The Anticx. The gig is at the Youth Centre in Haverhill on the 21st of February. It should be interesting.

OFFERS OF ANY GIGS?

RING RICHARD ON NORWICH 52245.

RICHARD ENGLISH IS OTHERWISE KNOWN AS "RICKY ROUGE" AND DRUMMER MICK OTHERWISE KNOWN AS BELSEN M. VOTT.

AUTOPSY REPORT.



Story TIME.

AFTERNOON TEA BY Kash

She felt a strange affinity with the plump, middle-aged woman who had come to sit opposite her in the cosy, bustling, cheerful tea rooms. She couldn't think why though, they had absolutely nothing in common physically anyway. She - The girl was nineteen, slim, with dark hair and wearing a black silk dress, with black stockings and black pointed shoes. She wore the minimum of make - up and her nails flashed crimson as her hands darted about the table pouring tea, ladling cream, and buttering scones.

The woman was quite the opposite; apart from the vast difference in build (the woman being somewhat obese, but moving with the ease and grace of someone much slimmer). Her make - up was plastered thickly over her lined face. She wore a bright cerise wool coat which she removed to reveal a gaudy Emerald green crepe suit. Underneath this she wore a pink, white, and green chiffon blouse which tied at the neck. The whole outfit was adorned with cheap imitation gold jewellery consisting of various bangles, bracelets, and two brooches, one on either lapel. She also wore an assorted mish - mash of fine gold - coloured chains around her neck. Altogether, her outfit looked vivid and rather out of place with her surroundings. It clashed somehow with the quaint old tea rooms.

The woman pulled her chair up to the table and began to pour herself a cup of tea. She looked up at the girl and smiled, the girl smiled back, and as she did so a feeling of déjà vu came over her. She could have sworn that she had done all this before, sat here in these same tea rooms, opposite the same woman and both of them had smiled the same smile at each other. But she couldn't be sure, déjà vu was quite a strange experience.

There were various theories as to exactly why people felt this experience. Some people believed that the sensation occurred if the temperature and decor of a place, the people present and the lighting were almost the same as a previous happening. Just for a second it seemed as if it had happened before. There was the school of thought that believed it was because one side of the brain registered things slightly before the other side and so it just felt as if something had happened before. However, some people believed that past, present, and future were all continuous and that is why the strange feeling occurred.

The girl was confused about these theories after all how could everything be continuous? Suddenly her chain of thought was broken as the woman spoke,

"It's nice here isn't it?" she queried.

"Oh, yes, very," the girl replied, slightly taken aback, but at the same time happy that the woman had spoken to her.

"I used to come here a long time ago," continued the woman, "but this place still looks the same; never changes, it's got almost a timeless feel about it."

"Yes, it is nice here, I like the traditional furniture, it makes it more cosy doesn't it?"

She looked around her at the decor of the place she was sitting in, when one of the many windows on her left caught her eye. She noticed how beautiful the latticed lead pattern complimented the rosy chintz curtains which billowed softly in the light summer breeze. The woodwork was stained dark, and each table had a bright gingham table cloth laying in a diamond fashion across it. At the far end of the tea rooms was a welsh dresser which had a selection of willow - pattern plates on it and cutlery in wooden trays. The waitresses dashed back and forth wearing the traditional uniform of a black dress with a white apron and a little white hat perched precariously on top; almost like nurses hats.

"Lovely weather!" exclaimed the woman in a friendly manner, once again breaking the girl's chain of thought.

"Yes, it is nice. I've just been for a walk round town to get to know it a bit better, you see I'm fairly new here," said the girl. She had just begun to make conversation as it seemed that the woman wanted someone to talk to.

"New here are you?" said the woman taking interest. "Actually, I'm not from these parts either, mind you it's getting on for thirty years since I first moved here."

"It seems quite nice, I feel as if I know it already. We moved here because of my dad's job, so I'm still finding my feet."

"Well, I say that it's thirty years ago," the woman continued, "since I first moved here that's because after a couple of years I married a boy from out of town. He'd moved here with his parents, but he'd always wanted to go back to his native Bristol. Like a fool I went back with him, I never should have. I hated Bristol from the minute I saw it, but I stuck it because of him. I waited twenty - eight years to get out of Bristol."

"So you've moved back here now?" the girl inquired.

"Oh yes love, I've been back six months now."

"How come," asked the girl. "Did your husband give in eventually?"

"Oh no, he died so I sold the house and moved back here."

"I am sorry," said the girl not quite knowing what to say.

"Oh, there's no need to be," the woman retorted, "my married years were the worst of my life. My husband was a mean, miserable man, though unfortunately I didn't find out until after I'd married him. He wasn't a poor man by any means, but we lived in near poverty for years because of his tight - fistidness. When he died he didn't leave me any of his money. It all went to various charities, though I know that he'd hate the thought of leaving his money to anyone, he'd have taken it with him if he could."

The woman smiled a sarcastic little smile, the girl smiled back. It seemed awful to smile about a dead person, a person she didn't even know, but she felt compelled to smile back at the woman in an almost knowing way. The woman seemed to demand it of her, it was what she expected.

"Have you got a steady boyfriend then?"

"Well, yes, I have," said the girl. "I've only been out with him a few times, but he seems nice enough." The woman drained her cup and poured herself some more tea.

"Time for a refill, I think." The girl looked across at the woman, almost fascinated by her. She got the feeling that the woman had been through a lot, yet remained cheerful as if determined not to let life get her down.

"Yes," the woman continued as if she had carried straight on from her last sentence.

"He didn't leave me any money. Just the house which together with the furniture I sold so that I could move back here. You see I didn't want anything to remind me of him or those terrible years." Momentarily she gazed out of the window, and a look of regret swept over her creased features as if she was reflecting on her wasted life.

"It's difficult to believe that I was once like you, so young, and my head full of so many things that I wanted to do, things that in the end I never did. Like travel, now that's something I've always wanted to do, it's just with a husband like mine, I never got round to it. Got myself a nice little bungalow now though, and perhaps I might make some friends to go on holiday with next year. The bungalow not what I wanted, but it'll do for now I suppose."

The girl felt truly sorry for the woman. By now she had cut a sad figure of a woman, who, after a wasted life desperately needed someone to talk to in her last few years. She hoped that she would never end up in that position, but there seemed hardly a chance of that. At present she was at a modelling school part-time and during the day did secretarial work for her father's firm. She felt confident and happy about her new boyfriend, William, she had never told anybody but she had a quiet confidence that he was the boy for her. She had never felt this way about anyone else before.

Once again the girl's mind began to wander. The voice of the woman became a monotonous drone in the back of her head along with the clinking of tea cups and the scraping of cutlery.

"As a matter of fact," said the woman resuming the conversation, and tearing the girl away from her thoughts.

"This place used to be my only sanctuary from my husband. He never once came in here with me, I suppose that's why I like coming in here now." Suddenly, her tone changed and she said

"Oh, dear, why am I telling you all this?" her apologetic manner touched the girl.

"I'm sure that you don't want to listen to some silly old woman going on about what might have been."

"Well," said the woman. "It's nice to know, at any rate, that there's at least one person who finds my conversation interesting."

"Anyway, what about you. What about this young man of yours, what's he like?"

"Well," the girl began. "He's very nice, he's got ever such a good job, in fact I almost feel as if we'll marry one day. It may seem silly to say that but I've been out with other boys and I've never met anyone as special as William, I feel..." The woman cut the girl's speech short.

"William, did you say," her eyes growing round, not exactly with alarm, more a sort of amazement.

"Why, that was my husband's name, you take my advice young lady, never marry a William. They're a bad lot they are. Joseph, Peter, Walter, or Tom, anything, anything but a William."

The girl said nothing. She was too amazed, too stunned to reply to this sudden outburst of passion which bubbled forth quite unexpectedly from the woman. At first she had struck the girl as being the sort of person who did not have definite views on anything, the sort who plodded slowly and apathetically through life. But she now appeared to be the kind of woman who held quite positive beliefs dear to her heart, even if it were only about the name William.

"I'm sure the name can't be all that offensive to you," the girl replied finally.

"I am sorry," said the woman.

"It's just that, well, it seems..." her voice trailed off and again she looked out of the window.

It was as if she was yearning for the adventure and excitement that she had missed out in her younger years. She seemed choked with emotion as if about to cry. It made the girl feel very disturbed and a feeling of shame and guilt came over her as if she was to blame for the woman's predicament. She wondered if there was anything that she could possibly do to help.

"I'd better go now," said the girl, after all it was getting late and perhaps it would be better to leave the woman to herself.

"No, don't go yet," said the woman urgently. "I'm alright, really I am, it's just that, well, after my marriage failing, I don't like the idea of people marrying young. I'm talking rubbish, I'm sorry, it doesn't matter at all." The woman finished speaking hurriedly, and now seemed at a loss for words, not to say embarrassed at all she had said to her.

"Don't feel like that please," said the girl realising how the woman felt.

"It's funny, I've never told anyone; not even my mother how I feel about William. It seems rather queer that I should tell you, a perfect stranger."

"Well I'm in that case," said the woman. She seemed now as if her mask of cheerfulness had slipped a little and the girl had caught a glimpse of the despair that the woman was feeling. It made her feel uncomfortable and rather depressed to think of the woman's situation. It seemed a little selfish, but she decided that perhaps she should leave now and take a nice walk home in the bright summer sunshine. She felt sorry for the woman, as it was obvious that she was quite prepared to chat a while longer.

However the girl thought that it would be futile for how could she give this woman advice.

"Well it's been nice chatting to you," said the girl as brightly as she could.

"I'm afraid that I had better be leaving, I usually help my mother to prepare dinner on Saturdays."

"Won't you take another cup of tea with me?" the woman asked expectantly.

"Well, I'd like to, but I must go," replied the girl who by now was feeling awkward in her predicament.

"Besides," she added, the tearooms are closing in ten minutes and I shouldn't think that there will be enough time."

"Yes, that's true, oh well love, it's been nice talking to you. We might bump into each other again sometime."

"Yes," said the girl as she left the tea rooms, "I have a feeling we will."

And now that she was visiting the tea rooms once more, a strange feeling of anticipation crept over her. Nearly thirty years had elapsed since her last visit, and she - the girl was not a girl anymore but a woman. It was a beautifully sunny afternoon, just like the afternoon many years ago. The woman was returning to her only refuge, the tea rooms. The only place where she could enjoy herself since her return from Bristol where her husband, William, had just died. As she walked into the tea rooms, her bright cerise wool coat brushed against the door frame and a tear of regret rolled down her cheek. She realised now that she should have listened to the woman. She remembered her words - "Never marry a William..." What was it now? she asked herself, past, present, and future continuous.

A feeling of deja vu passed over her as she seated herself opposite a young girl with whom she felt a strange affinity.

That afternoon soon became a mere fragment of the girl's memory, but it was one of those incidents that still came to mind and for no apparent reason. This often happened to her - sometimes her brain would store away seemingly useless bits of information whilst at the same time it infuriatingly refused to remember things of importance. Since that afternoon it had always seemed to the girl that it was at the point when these two wires crossed. Deja vu occurred, giving rise to that same feeling she had had on the said afternoon; an annoying feeling of vague familiarity. Some how, ever since that afternoon; she wished that she had stayed and listened to her, she now felt guilty about leaving her. She visited the tea rooms on many occasions afterwards, but never saw the woman again.

CREDITS:

EDITOR: KASH
ARTWORK AND
LAYOUT: GARY O'CONNOR

THANKS TO:
HAVERHILL YOUTH
CENTRE, TOM AND
ANGE, AND OF
COURSE THE P.D.I.

Focus onCAMBRIDGE.

A series on towns in East Anglia and the contribution (or lack of it) that they have made towards the music scene.

When it comes to music, Cambridge is hardly the centre of the universe, however Cambridge has supplied one or two groups and venues worth mentioning but even more perhaps not worth mentioning but here goes.....

The biggest and perhaps most well known venue in Cambridge is the Corn Exchange which holds over a thousand people. Just recently the hall was closed for renovation which meant that there was a distinct lack of gigs in the area, but I'm happy to say that it will be opening soon and amongst the first groups to play will be the U.K. SUBS and the Stranglers.

There are various smaller halls dotted about Cambridge such as the Beaconsfield and Alex wood hall both situated in the Mill road area, the capacity of these being 150 or less. (Though unfortunately gigs here have not been many recently.) Also there is the Sea Cadets hall which is slightly larger than the others and is in the Newmarket road area. The smaller halls however are sadly lacking in consistency and more gigs are needed.

During the week there are gigs at The Great Northern, a pub, which is situated at the end of Hills road. The music is varied

and consists of a variety of bands to suit most tastes. Just further along the road is a club called Raffles but gigs there are rare and there are unfortunately severe dress restrictions.

Making a change from live gigs there is now a disco on Wednesday evenings at the Midland Tavern in Devonshire road. It's free to get in and the music isn't too bad it's better than most pub disco's, however if you find the "new" Ants music a little too tedious these days, then beware because it seems that's all they're interested in. The odd Killing Joke and Bowie record make the evening more bearable for those of you who are into "music".

And now onto the bands- bands from Cambridge worth remembering are The Erztatz, Sinix and Dance System (Darkness at noon) and I'm sorry to say that there are several other Cambridge bands definitely not worth mentioning.

I hasten to add that Cambridge is a town overrun with students, and it seems a shame that at some college gigs students are admitted despite their musical preference, whilst the real music fans get left out in the cold. The sooner this situation changes the better. It seems a waste that there are so many empty halls that could provide regular gigs that are just lying dormant. It isn't that Cambridge hasn't got the facilities for more gigs, it's just that

RAVE FROM
THE GRAVE

AN OCCASIONAL SERIES ON LOCAL
BANDS, WHO ARE ALAS NO MORE....
THIS ISSUE: THE WYND-UPS.

The Wynd - Ups were first formed mid-'79 with TERRY TAYLOR playing bass and singing backing vocals, ROB SHAUL, vocals and lead guitar and STEVE EDMUNDS on drums. The overall sound of the band had a Ramones - U.K. Subs type feel to it, with the most popular number being 'Kill the Bill' A raunchy noisy chant in which the entire audience would join in and along with the band denounce the police force and it's activities.

Their first gig was played at the Midland Tavern (Where else?) playing support to the Dogma catz. Their set consisted of three numbers with improvised lyrics with various yells being given into the mike. The second gig they did was at a party in Braintree which included Mick Hand of Anticx fame singing occasional vocals, and playing support to them was, from Braintree, The 101'ers.

Other gigs were played at the Midland with the Anticx as support. They did gigs at the Griffin in Bury St. Edmunds and The Gladstone Arms at Peterborough along with gigs at Gt. Barton and Saffron Walden. The band always managed to gain good audience participation especially when they played 'Kill the Bill'. One gig in particular which involved the audience

a great deal was one last year played at Emmanuel College in Cambridge when the audience were told that they must leave unless they had been signed in by a college member or were on the band's guest list. No one could get any students to sign them in and the college had a potential riot on it's hands until the band had the brilliant idea to put EVERYONE on the guest list and a good time was had by all. The Wynd - Ups last gig was at the Rock Garden Covent Garden where the band played support to The Malchicks and Red Rage.

R.I.P.